Brave New Town

(TARDIS materialisation. Door opens. Howling wind, walking on sand.)
THE DOCTOR: There, Lucie, didn't I say I'd take you to the seaside?
LUCIE MILLER: I was hoping for Blackpool, not some old ruins.
THE DOCTOR: Sunset across the shore? What more could you ask for?
LUCIE MILLER: Some sea would be nice.
THE DOCTOR: Mm. Well, the tide's out, I expect.
LUCIE MILLER: Along with all the people. It's desolate, deserted and dusty. You do pick 'em.
THE DOCTOR: I certainly do. Come on, let's see what's afoot.
(Walking off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Well, my afoot is a-covered with a-sand already. Oi - wait for me.

(Bell of a shop door as door opened.)
JASON: Sally? Is that you?
(Someone walking.)
JASON: Oh. Margaret. Nice to see you again. What can I get you?
MARGARET: Still no sign of her then, Jason?
JASON: Not since yesterday.
MARGARET: Sally's not a child any more. You're going to have to let her do her own thing. If she wants to have a teenage strop, let her.
JASON: I'm still her dad. I worry.
MARGARET: Of course you do. Chin up, Jason, she'll turn up. Got my Dave's paper?
JASON: Er ... Oh, here.
(Newspaper moved.)
JASON: Last one left.
MARGARET: Thanks.
(Coins on counter.)
MARGARET: Blast it. Well, here's another quid for the bet we had on that song.
(Another coin put down.)
JASON: Oh, it's not *still* Number One?
MARGARET: It certainly is. According to Baz, it's set to break the record for most weeks at Number One. Well, hopefully something will come along to knock it off. Catch you later.
(Walking off. Shop door bell as door opened.)
JASON: Yeah well, be thankful for small mercies. At least now we can be glad the radios are on the blink.
(Shop door closed.)
JASON: I'm sick of that bleedin' tune.

(Walking on pavement.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, are you sure this is the Twenty-First century?
THE DOCTOR: Two Thousand And Eight. The TARDIS doesn't make mistakes. Well, not often.
LUCIE MILLER: Just wondered. This all looks a bit post-apocalyptic. Nothing but sand for miles around, an abandoned village. I keep half-expecting a plague of zombies to come out at us. (Laughs.) Oh God.
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: What about that ghost town near Chernobyl? That nuclear accident, the whole town deserted, stopped in time.
THE DOCTOR: (laugh) I don't think so.
LUCIE MILLER: An epidemic, then. Bird flu or plague.
THE DOCTOR: There's no radiation, no aerial pathogens detected. Lucie, I don't just push you out of the door. I do check there's air outside and that it won't kill you.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. Well, something's definitely wrong. Those cars don't look like they've moved for years. The whole place is clogged with sand, everything's in tatters.
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, down.
LUCIE MILLER: What, zombies?
THE DOCTOR: People.
LUCIE MILLER: What are they doing?
(Conversation in the distance.)
THE DOCTOR: Well, going to church.

MAN 1: Oh yeah, well it's to be expected. He's got another one of her committee meetings this evening.
MAN 2: She's like an Act of God that woman. Unstoppable.
MAN 1: Exactly. Which is why I'm off to the pub after the service...
LUCIE MILLER: Maybe we should ask them, Doctor, about the village.
THE DOCTOR: Not yet. I'll admit there's something strange about this place, but I'm not sure the locals will. Look at their clothes. Hardly Sunday best.
LUCIE MILLER: But they're all acting so normal. It's like the village that Time forgot, populated by a load of nutters.
THE DOCTOR: What if they need to pretend?
LUCIE MILLER: What if they need a good slap?
THE DOCTOR: They've gone. Now, it would help if we knew when the clock stopped. You're the expert on Earth.
LUCIE MILLER: (pleased) Oh, am I?
THE DOCTOR: Well, on Earth movies. Take a look at those film posters.
LUCIE MILLER: Erm ... "Robin Hood - Prince of Thieves", "New Jack City"...
THE DOCTOR: What year were they released?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... a long time ago. Late 80s, early 90s, perhaps? Mind you, they could be re-releases.
THE DOCTOR: I doubt it somehow. I think it's time we paid a call at the local newsagents.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh ... oh - sherbet fountain?
THE DOCTOR: Only if you're good.
(Walking off.)

(Shop's door bell as the door is opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Hello?
(Walking in.)
THE DOCTOR: Anyone there?
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! This place is filthy.
THE DOCTOR: Here, hang on, I'll get the lights.
(Clicking.)
THE DOCTOR: No power.
(Fridge door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Mm. The fridge is off too. Hey - all these cans are empty.
THE DOCTOR: Hey, chuck us one.
LUCIE MILLER: What are you looking for, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Sell-by date.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh, very clever.
THE DOCTOR: Can't read in here. It's too dark. Back in a tick. Do some more rooting.
(Bell as shop door opened.)
LUCIE MILLER: Rooting?
(Door closed.)

(Outside.)
THE DOCTOR: Best before October Ninety-One.
PC SHARP: Do you intend to pay for that, sir?
THE DOCTOR: Oh. I beg your pardon, er, Constable.
PC SHARP: Sharp's the name. Now, what's your game? You can't just take something out of Mister Taylor's shop. That's stealing.
THE DOCTOR: I wasn't stealing, I - I was, erm ... I was just reading the date.
PC SHARP: New in town?
THE DOCTOR: Er, yes.
PC SHARP: Know anything about the Police Box that's turned up on the beach?

LUCIE MILLER: Root, root, root, root, root. What, no...
(Clattering of metal things.)
LUCIE MILLER: Damn!
JASON: (distant) Sal, is that you?
(Walking downstairs. LUCIE MILLER breath gasp.)
JASON: Oh.

LUCIE MILLER: Hello.
JASON: Sorry, I didn't hear the bell go. You're not Sally.
LUCIE MILLER: No. I'm Lucie. Who's Sally?
JASON: Sal, my daughter. Do you know her? About your age. Maybe younger. Hangs out around the shelters a lot with the Ballard boys.
LUCIE MILLER: No, sorry. Don't know her or the Ballard boys.
JASON: Oh. You're new here.
LUCIE MILLER: Well, yes. I suppose I am.

PC SHARP: Ah! I get it. You're the replacement.
THE DOCTOR: Replacement for what?
PC SHARP: For Sally Taylor, the newsagent's daughter.
THE DOCTOR: Does she need replacing?
PC SHARP: Well, she disappeared yesterday. I figured there was something wrong with her.
THE DOCTOR: I see. Well, I'm not her replacement, but perhaps I could help you in your investigations.
PC SHARP: Oh, that's very kind. It wouldn't be official or anything. Her Dad hasn't even filed a missing persons report yet. Like I said, she only disappeared yesterday.
THE DOCTOR: Yesterday being Saturday?
PC SHARP: No, Sunday, like today.

LUCIE MILLER: Mr Taylor...?
JASON: Jason, please.
LUCIE MILLER: Jason. Why do you think Sally would run away?
JASON: I had a go at her because she was singing that wretched song.
LUCIE MILLER: What song?
JASON: Bryan Adams. You know - everything he does, he does it for you, Number One.
LUCIE MILLER: The wedding classic. What's the date today?
JASON: First of September. Oh! White rabbits.
LUCIE MILLER: What?
JASON: You say "white rabbits" on the first day of the month for luck.
LUCIE MILLER: O... kay.
JASON: Only, I don't know if it counts if it's not the first thing you say. Come to think of it, I might have just jinxed myself. Maybe that's why Sal hasn't come back.

THE DOCTOR: Constable Sharp, have there been any problems here?
PC SHARP: I'm not sure I know what you mean, sir.
THE DOCTOR: Shortages, crime, some kind of war? Your power's out and this place won't be winning 'Britain's best kept village' this year.
PC SHARP: We do the best we can, sir. We keep everything normal.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, but this disappearance isn't normal, is it? Do you mind if I walk around the town with you, get the lay of the land?
PC SHARP: I'd positively enjoy the company, sir. Make a pleasant change. Er, this way.

(Shop door bell rings as door opens.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie?
LUCIE MILLER: (distant) Hang on.
(She approaches.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, these people are barking.
THE DOCTOR: I would if it were that simple. I'm going to help PC Sharp there look around for this Sally. How are you getting on?
LUCIE MILLER: Chatting to the dad - Jason. Not much so far.
THE DOCTOR: Stay with him. See what you can find out. Ask to see the girl's bedroom. There might be a diary. I'll be away with the constable.
LUCIE MILLER: That'll make a change. Everyone else round here is away with the fairies.
(Shop door bell rings as door closes.)

JASON: (from outside door) Careful on the landing. It can be pretty dangerous. Even when there *isn't* a power cut.
(Door opened.)

JASON: Here we are. Sal's little sanctuary.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh. It's pretty tidy for a teenager's room.
JASON: Ah well, you know, I straightened things up a bit, you know, swept up.
LUCIE MILLER: Swept? Oh, yeah. No power for the Hoover, right?
JASON: Right. So, you're an expert on this sort of thing, are you?
LUCIE MILLER: Being a teenage girl? Years of experience.
JASON: Well, that's something, I suppose.
LUCIE MILLER: No cuddly toys. She's out of the huggy animal stage, then.
JASON: And entering the rebellious door-slamming stage.
(Movement of plastic CD containers.)
LUCIE MILLER: Rebellious? I wouldn't guess it from the CD collection.
JASON: What do you mean?
LUCIE MILLER: Well, my Mum's got all these. This one was Number One on Thirty-First of July Nineteen Eighty-Eight.
(JASON laughs.)
JASON: So ... so how do you know that, Miss Top Of The Pops?
LUCIE MILLER: Day I was born.
JASON: Oh!
(JASON laughs.)
JASON: Only three years ago? Now I know you're teasing.
LUCIE MILLER: Suit yourself. Oh! This one's a classic.

(Clanking of metal door as it closes.)
THE DOCTOR: A fallout shelter. How quaint.
PC SHARP: Protect and survive, and all that.
THE DOCTOR: Sally?
PC SHARP: No, she's not in here. We should check the others.
THE DOCTOR: The others? How many shelters are there?
PC SHARP: Couple of dozen. Most houses have one in the garden. The kids just muck about in 'em.
THE DOCTOR: Wouldn't be much use in a nuclear attack.
PC SHARP: Oh, they're all solid, sir. Shielded for radiation and stuff.
THE DOCTOR: Yes Constable, but there's no food. You'd starve to death.
PC SHARP: Oh, well...
THE DOCTOR: Constable, we've been searching for hours. Aren't you hungry at all? Thirsty?
PC SHARP: I'm on duty, sir.
THE DOCTOR: Don't you people eat?

(Newspaper lifted.)
JASON: This paper round was Sally's way of earning a few bob, keeping her out of trouble. Now I've got to do it.
(Coins put down on a table.)
LUCIE MILLER: Shouldn't you be delivering papers, not picking 'em up again?
(JASON laughs.)
JASON: Blimey. You sound just like Sally. Always questioning the most normal things.
LUCIE MILLER: Speaking of Sally, shouldn't we be out looking for her?
JASON: Ah, here we are. Margaret's house. See? I leave the coins on the doorstep.
(Coins put down.)
JASON: Oh - plus that extra pound for the bet, and I collect her newspaper.
(Newspaper lifted.)
JASON: So I can sell it to her again tomorrow.
LUCIE MILLER: Tomorrow being Sunday again.
JASON: Of course.
LUCIE MILLER: Has it ever occurred to you that you might be loopy?

PC SHARP: And here we are back at the beach, and your Police Box, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: So where is the road?
PC SHARP: The what, sorry?
THE DOCTOR: PC Sharp, it's getting dark and my patience is wearing thin. We've spent hours walking around the village, and there is no road leading out.

PC SHARP: Should there be?
THE DOCTOR: Of course there should. Where is the next town? In fact, where is *this* town? What's the name of this place?
PC SHARP: Thorington in Suffolk.
THE DOCTOR: Well, it doesn't look like Suffolk. Where's the sea, for starters?
PC SHARP: Well ... the tide's obviously out at the moment. If you just wait...
THE DOCTOR: Shh! What's that noise?
(Engine of a vehicle in distance.)
PC SHARP: Must be a boat, out to sea.
THE DOCTOR: There *is* no sea. This is just a sandy plain.
PC SHARP: Well, what's that light, then?
THE DOCTOR: Constable, that over there is not a boat. It's an armoured personnel carrier.
PC SHARP: Soldiers, then. Er - follow me, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?
PC SHARP: It's best to hide in the shelters when the soldiers come. Either that or stay very still.
THE DOCTOR: Standing still won't do you much good. That's a thermal imager on top of the tank.
PC SHARP: A what?
THE DOCTOR: Come on, into the TARDIS.

(Vehicle rumbling. McCARTHY has an Irish accent.)
McCARTHY: (Radio) McCarthy to patrol, receiving? McCarthy to patrol?
(Female VITAS, Russian accent.)
VITAS: Vitas here. We've reached the village.
McCARTHY: (radio) Signs of life?
VITAS: Negative, sir.
McCARTHY: (radio) Well, I want a proper scan this time, no short cuts. McCarthy out.
VITAS: Certainly, sir. Anything you say, sir. Andropov, switch on the imager.
ANDROPOV: Sir.
(Electronic humming noise.)

(TARDIS control room. TARDIS door closed.)
PC SHARP: So, this is what the inside of a Police Box looks like, is it?
THE DOCTOR: You really have no clue what a Police Box is supposed to look like, do you?
PC SHARP: No.
THE DOCTOR: Well, this Police Box is shielded. They won't be able to detect us through the walls. Now, let's see what they're up to.
(Electronic swirling noise then engine moving away.)
PC SHARP: Looks like they're heading into town.

(Vehicle approaching.)
JASON: Lucie, stay very still. They mustn't see us.
LUCIE MILLER: Jason, there's a Union Jack on that tank thing. I think they might be on our side.
JASON: Lucie, we have to get to a shelter.
LUCIE MILLER: Why, who are they?
JASON: We must hide. That's what we were told to do.
LUCIE MILLER: By who?
JASON: I don't know.
LUCIE MILLER: I've had enough of this.
JASON: No...
LUCIE MILLER: Hello! Hello? Lucie Miller's the name.
VITAS: Tell McCarthy we've got one.
(Gun cocked.)
LUCIE MILLER: You can put that gun down, there's no need to...
(Noise, LUCIE MILLER gasps.)
LUCIE MILLER: Ow! I'm not some walking dart board, you stupid...
(LUCIE MILLER voice fades, collapses. Radio.)
VITAS: (radio) Captain McCarthy sir, this is Vitas here.
KARIMOV: Karimov receiving, over. Go on, Vitas.

VITAS: (radio) (Russian, phonetically) Ah, vasharee, Karimov te. Bwarkshom kelly oh rum. (Подозреваемый в заключении?)
KARIMOV: English, please. Captain McCarthy is also here.
VITAS: (radio) Sorry, sir. We have suspect in custody. Bringing her in now.
KARIMOV: Was she alone?
VITAS: (radio) Yes, sir. No other life signs in the village.
McCARTHY: Thank you, Vitas. Bring her in. Base out.
KARIMOV: Captain, I hope you know what you're doing, yes?
McCARTHY: Whoever she is, she's up to no good.
KARIMOV: What if she is just normal civilian?
McCARTHY: Karimov, stick to your imagers and radios, and leave the military decisions to me. There's a good fella.

(Knocks.)
THE DOCTOR: (outside) Jason? Are you in there?
JASON: Go away. Leave me alone.
PC SHARP: (outside) It's all right Mr Taylor sir, coast is clear, you can come out of the shelter.
(Metallic door opened.)
THE DOCTOR: Where's Lucie?
JASON: They took her.
THE DOCTOR: Didn't you try to stop them?
JASON: She went to them voluntarily. Their detectors picked her up.
THE DOCTOR: Why her and not you?
JASON: Lucky, I suppose. White rabbits.

(Sound of child's toy and childish giggling.)
LUCIE MILLER: White ... rabbits.
KARIMOV: (Russian, phonetically) Koryu. Miatenthmay.
LUCIE MILLER: I can't understand you, Mister Rabbit.
KARIMOV: (Russian phonetically) Ku. Adisni jenja.
(Bleeping like a life support machine now clearer in the background.)
LUCIE MILLER: Where am I?
KARIMOV: Americanime! You speak English, yes?
LUCIE MILLER: English? Of course I...
KARIMOV: Shh! Tranquilliser is wearing off.
LUCIE MILLER: Who are you?
KARIMOV: I am Karimov. Question is, Americanime, who are you?

JASON: Oh, there you are, Doctor. What are you doing out here in the gloom?
THE DOCTOR: Looking for Lucie.
JASON: First Sally then Lucie. The Constable's checking to see if anyone else was taken.
THE DOCTOR: At least we know where Lucie has gone.
JASON: We do?
THE DOCTOR: Look at the sand. We follow these tyre tracks and we'll find Lucie, and probably your daughter too.

KARIMOV: So where are you from, Miss America?
LUCIE MILLER: I'm from Blackpool.
KARIMOV: Blackpool, Lancashire, eh? With four thousand holes, yes?
LUCIE MILLER: That's Black*burn*.
KARIMOV: So - so you are not American?
LUCIE MILLER: Do I *sound* American? No. I'm Lucie Miller, I'm from Blackpool and I'd really like to know the date today. And don't say September the First.
KARIMOV: It's Twenty-Four October, like Revolution.
LUCIE MILLER: And the year.
KARIMOV: This is British humour? Like the Little And Large and the Mister Bean?
LUCIE MILLER: What year is it?
KARIMOV: Two Thousand And Eight, of course.
(LUCIE MILLER sighs.)
LUCIE MILLER: Thank God for that.

KARIMOV: For what?
LUCIE MILLER: Bryan Adams isn't Number One any more.

(Walking on sand.)
JASON: Doctor, please let's go back. These tracks lead straight out across the sand.
THE DOCTOR: They do indeed.
JASON: What if the tide comes in?
THE DOCTOR: I've been here all night, Jason. There is no tide. There is no sea.
JASON: The sea was here yesterday.
THE DOCTOR: Yesterday? And that would be Sunday the First of September Nineteen Ninety-One, yes?
JASON: Yeah, course.
THE DOCTOR: Like today. How is that possible?
JASON: Well ... You're asking me very difficult questions.
THE DOCTOR: You wait till we get round to the answers.
(Walking on sand continues.)

(Door opened. Room with steady bleeping machine.)
McCARTHY: So this is her, is it, Karimov?
KARIMOV: Yes, Captain McCarthy, Vitas brought her in. She was hiding in the ruined village ten miles to South-West.
LUCIE MILLER: I wasn't hiding, I was minding my own business. What kind of a weirdo builds a seaside village miles from any sea anyway?
McCARTHY: It used to be an island.
KARIMOV: She is Lucie Miller from famous English town of Blackburn.
LUCIE MILLER: Black*pool*!
McCARTHY: Getting to know each other, eh? Mr Karimov is quite the charmer but I fear he's failed to convey the gravity of your situation.
LUCIE MILLER: Being shot with a tranquilliser dart was a fairly heavy hint.
McCARTHY: Well, let me put this into perspective, Lucie Miller. You're in a restricted area. Safshika is under martial law.
LUCIE MILLER: Saf what?
KARIMOV: Safshika. It means the new town, yes?
McCARTHY: The oil wells are under military guard.
LUCIE MILLER: Oil wells?
McCARTHY: All of which begs the question - what are *you* doing here? You're either an engineer, a mercenary or a troublemaker. Which is it?

(Walking across sand.)
JASON: We should turn back. What if we get hungry?
THE DOCTOR: You people don't eat, remember? There's no food, no drink, no electricity. Your cars have no petrol. The whole village is abandoned under years of dust.
JASON: We're making do.
THE DOCTOR: This is what I think, Jason. Your village was on an island in some kind of lake, and for some reason the water level went down, recently. I don't know what kind of compulsion you people have, but whatever it is, it kept you on the island. Most of you, at any rate.
JASON: Sally?
THE DOCTOR: Exactly. What if Sally was predisposed to leave?
JASON: Well, she said that she'd leave town first chance she got.
THE DOCTOR: And that chance finally came. What if one day the water receded to the point where it was only ankle deep. Sally could wade out, and keep walking. She literally walked into the sea.
JASON: But where would she go?
THE DOCTOR: My guess is whatever's at the end of these tracks. Now, tell me. What was across the water in the old days? Cast your mind back, Jason. Back, to yesterday. Was there a ferry that came over?
JASON: Yeah. Yes! There was. From New Town on the other side.
THE DOCTOR: New Town, eh?
JASON: Yeah. How did you know, Doctor, about the ferry?
THE DOCTOR: Look straight ahead, Jason. What do you see?

JASON: The sand.
THE DOCTOR: No sea. That's good. The scales are beginning to drop. Now, look harder, and concentrate.
JASON: Yeah, but I...
THE DOCTOR: Concentrate.
JASON: Oh, blimey. The ferry, Where did that come from?
THE DOCTOR: It was always there. It's been in sight for the last half hour. I was wondering when you'd notice it. And look there, scratched in the side.
JASON: 'Sally was here.' Oh, the little cow.
THE DOCTOR: She's alive, Jason, she came this way, but how long ago? This ferry's been out here in the middle of nowhere for years. Hang on.
(Walking off.)
JASON: Hey, where are you going?
THE DOCTOR: I want to get a look inside ... the cabin.
(Metal door being moved.)
JASON: Anything?
THE DOCTOR: Where are we again?
JASON: Thorington in Suffolk.
THE DOCTOR: In Suffolk, yeah. Across the bay from ... where, again?
JASON: New Town.
THE DOCTOR: Well, that would have come as a surprise to the Captain of this ferry. See for yourself. Look at the charts.
JASON: I don't, er ... I can't read 'em.
THE DOCTOR: Of course you can't. They're in Cyrillic. Look at the map, Jason. It's from before the lake waters receded. Your town was built on an island ... in the middle of the Aral Sea.
JASON: We're not in Suffolk?
THE DOCTOR: We're in ... Uzbekistan.

LUCIE MILLER: Your Captain McCarthy doesn't care for tourists, does he?
KARIMOV: He does not like the unexpected.
LUCIE MILLER: Mind you, this is hardly one of the world's top holiday destinations.
KARIMOV: In the time of Soviet Union, this was nice place. There was beach resort. And nearby there was school for spies. Soviets trained them to infiltrate West.
LUCIE MILLER: Hah! So that's it. They built a village. A fake English village where people could practice being English - learning about the weather, playing cricket and eating cucumber sandwiches.
KARIMOV: Yes. Not since Nineteen Ninety-One, though.
LUCIE MILLER: Wait. When? Why that date?
KARIMOV: First you tell me what is this cucumber?

THE DOCTOR: Uzbekistan. Now, what do we know about Uzbekistan? Independent Republic in central Asia, capital Tashkent, languages Uzbek and Russian...
(Deep whispering voice heard.)
NESTENE VOICE: ... conscious must.
JASON: Hey, did you hear that?
THE DOCTOR: Hear what?
JASON: That voice.
THE DOCTOR: Well, first you're seeing things, or not seeing things, now you're hearing voices.
JASON: No, it ... it called to me.

KARIMOV: First of September was big day. From First of September Nineteen Ninety-One, Uzbekistan no longer part of Soviet Union. Uzbeks were free, yes?
LUCIE MILLER: But what happened to the lake?
KARIMOV: The Aral Sea?
LUCIE MILLER: Lake, sea, whatever.
KARIMOV: They took water for cotton fields, for growing rice, for cloth, for swimming pools, for everything. Rivers run dry. No river, no sea.
LUCIE MILLER: The whole sea just disappeared?
KARIMOV: Well, bits of it are left, soon they will be gone too.
LUCIE MILLER: Blimey.

KARIMOV: Look on bright side. Sea disappears, and now we can drill for oil, yes? Everybody wants oil.
LUCIE MILLER: True. But why are British mercenaries guarding drills in the middle of Asia?
KARIMOV: You'd best ask Captain McCarthy. We go to Headquarters. HQ as you say, yeah? This way.
(Door opened.)

(Clanking of metal machinery.)
VITAS: Captain McCarthy, I have contact. Over.
McCARTHY: (radio) Vitas? Where are you?
VITAS: South-West ridge. I can see a teenage girl down by the oil derricks. Over.
McCARTHY: (radio) Do you have her in your sights?
VITAS: Da, Captain. Range at two hundred metres.
McCARTHY: (radio) Shoot her.

JASON: Well, at least I know what *that* is.
THE DOCTOR: You do?
JASON: Yeah. I saw them on "Dallas." Back when there *was* power for the television. It's an oil derrick.
THE DOCTOR: And that's good news, Jason. Oil wells mean engineers, people.
JASON: Civilisation.
THE DOCTOR: Sally could have walked out into the middle of a salt pan or a desert, but she didn't - she made for a town.
(A shot.)
JASON: What the hell was that?
THE DOCTOR: Stay low.
JASON: Someone's shooting.
(Another shot.)
THE DOCTOR: And missing, it would seem. Your Sally - was she about five foot four, auburn hair, wearing an old bomber jacket?
JASON: Yeah. Why?
THE DOCTOR: That's her they're shooting at. Come on.
(Another shot.)
THE DOCTOR: Sally! Get out of the open!
JASON: Sal, it's me, your Dad!
SALLY: You're not my dad. You're another piece of the mind.
THE DOCTOR: What did she say?
JASON: I'll give you a piece of my mind in a minute, Sal.
SALLY: The essence must be preserved at all costs.
(Shot fired.)
THE DOCTOR: Does your daughter often talk like that, Jason?
JASON: Sal! Come back.
THE DOCTOR: Uh-oh, this way.
JASON: Here Doc, why are you running?
THE DOCTOR: Because the oil well's on fire. Run for it.
JASON: She set fire to it. The little minx!
(Explosion.)

(Bleeping of alarm.)
McCARTHY: Switch off the alarm.
LUCIE MILLER: What's all the fuss about, Captain?
McCARTHY: Vitas found another saboteur. One of your friends, perhaps. Looks like she failed to stop her. Possibly deliberately.
KARIMOV: She's getting soft. That girl is like a horse with pedals, yes? Wait. Was it *her*?
LUCIE MILLER: Why would you need pedals on a horse?
McCARTHY: Yes of course it was her, and if I were you, Karimov, I'd stop coseying up to Lucie Miller. For all you know she could be one of *them*.
LUCIE MILLER: One of who?
McCARTHY: I need to check this out. Karimov, you're with me.
LUCIE MILLER: Hey, what about me?

McCARTHY: Andropov, take her back to the infirmary and lock her in, and I want two guards on the door.
ANDROPOV: Sir.
LUCIE MILLER: What are you scared of?

MARGARET: Constable? Constable Sharp? What are you doing staring out to sea?
PC SHARP: (distant) Margaret, Margaret, come here.
MARGARET: I'll get my feet wet. The tide might come in.
PC SHARP: (distant) No, it's just sand. Come and look at this.
MARGARET: Have you found something?

(Breathing as though out of breath.)
THE DOCTOR: Did Sally demonstrate any destructive tendencies before?
JASON: Er, she once threatened to run off to Greenham Common, where all those women had that...
(JASON breaks off and gasps in pain.)
NESTENE VOICE: Contact is restored. Welcome back.
THE DOCTOR: What is it? Are you hearing that voice again?
JASON: Yeah. It's much stronger now.
NESTENE VOICE: Come closer. Come closer to your place of origin. Back to where the Mother Consciousness resides.
THE DOCTOR: What is it saying? Tell me precisely what it's saying.
JASON: It - it says, er ... it says I should come closer, closer, er, back to where the Mother Consciousness resides.
THE DOCTOR: Consciousness?
JASON: It's gone now. I can't hear it. Oh, am I going mad?
THE DOCTOR: No, Jason, but you must listen very carefully to me. I think this voice is coming from somewhere on the drilling site. If I'm right, it's not safe for you to get close to the oil wells.
JASON: Yeah, but - but ... but Sal's still there.
THE DOCTOR: And she is behaving very oddly. I think this voice is in *her* head too, and it seems to get stronger the closer you get to this New Town.

MARGARET: What is it, Constable? Why are you here?
PC SHARP: I saw smoke on the horizon, came out here to get a closer look.
MARGARET: Was that where Jason and that man went?
PC SHARP: It was that direction, yes. Now, come closer.
MARGARET: If I ruin these shoes...
PC SHARP: I just walked a few metres out onto the sand, and ... then I heard it.
MARGARET: Heard what? Wait.
(NESTENE VOICE heard faintly in the background.)
MARGARET: What's that?
PC SHARP: You hear it too, Margaret, don't you? W-we must round up everyone in the village. I want 'em all to hear this.

(Tapping on window.)
LUCIE MILLER: Please...
(More tapping.)
LUCIE MILLER: Please...!
GUARD 1: Would you please shut up!
GURAD 2: Yes, keep quiet, you sound like a goose.
LUCIE MILLER: Listen, birdbrain. Before you geniuses locked me in the sickbay, didn't you think to check if there was a loo?
GUARD 1: Isn't there a ... you know?
LUCIE MILLER: A bucket? A bedpan? No, there isn't. So can you just let me out and take me to the Ladies. Please! I give you my word, I won't try to escape.
GUARD 2: Oh, very well. And I give you my word, I'll shoot you if you do, get it?
LUCIE MILLER: Got it.
GUARD 2: Good.

(Vehicle moving.)

JASON: Here's another one of those armoured personnel things. What do we do, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: We hide. Sally can clearly take care of herself. This way.
(Gun clicks.)
VITAS: Do not either of you move.
THE DOCTOR: Hello there. Fine day for a stroll.
(Vehicle door opened.)
VITAS: Captain McCarthy, sir, we've got them.
McCARTHY: Well, well, well, and what have we here?
THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, this is Jason.
JASON: The newsagent.
McCARTHY: What's the front page today, then? Freak fire at South Chicar...
(NESTENE VOICE, JASON gasps.)
McCARTHY: What's up with him?
JASON: It's the voices, Doctor. The voices are back.
(NESTENE VOICE continues.)

(Toilet flushes. Tapping.)
LUCIE MILLER: Out in a second, guys.
GUARD 1: We haven't got all day.
(Tap turned on.)
LUCIE MILLER: I think you'll find the Geneva Convention allows me thirty seconds to wash my hands.
(Noise of hand drier obscures voices of the Guards outside as they see something, order it to stop or they will kill him, and fire, and an Auton gun fires back at one then the other causing them to scream, then there is silence. Hand drier turns off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Guys? Are you all right out there? Guys?
(Door opens.)
LUCIE MILLER: Ah. You must be...
SALLY: One move and you're dead.

NESTENE VOICE: Stand together...
(Voice continues.)
JASON: Doctor, the voices are very clear now. I know what I must do. Sally is right. I'm sorry, Doctor.
(Auton wrist gun.)
McCARTHY: What the hell's that?
THE DOCTOR: A wrist gun. So you're an Auton, are you? You know, I really didn't suspect that. I must be slipping.
JASON: I ... I don't want to shoot you, Doctor.
THE DOCTOR: Then don't.
JASON: I must.
McCARTHY: Get down!
(Auton gun.)
JASON: Don't follow me, Doctor.
(Running off.)
McCARTHY: Stop him! Vitas, fire.
THE DOCTOR: No!
(Machine gun firing.)

LUCIE MILLER: Sally? Sally Taylor?
SALLY: How do you know my name?
LUCIE MILLER: I'm a friend of your father's. He's worried about you.
SALLY: I know, I just saw him. He's got his priorities all wrong. He shouldn't worry about me, he should worry about what these people are doing to the planet, to the oil.
LUCIE MILLER: Erm - those two guards. Are they...?
SALLY: Dead. They shot at me, I shot back.
LUCIE MILLER: With what? You're not armed.
SALLY: You think so?
(Whine of Auton wrist gun.)
LUCIE MILLER: Talk about having something up your sleeve. What are you doing in the base,

anyway?
SALLY: Grenades. I need grenades.
LUCIE MILLER: And you'll shoot innocent soldiers to get them?
SALLY: Innocent? Hardly. They shot me first, no questions, no warnings, see?
LUCIE MILLER: I'm sorry, I didn't realise. Here, let me look at that, perhaps I can...
SALLY: And don't touch me!
LUCIE MILLER: Sally, don't be stupid, you've been hit.
SALLY: I'll be fine.
LUCIE MILLER: What - wait a minute. Why aren't you bleeding?
NESTENE VOICE: She is not one of us.
SALLY: I know, but she isn't against us.
LUCIE MILLER: Against who, Sally?
NESTENE VOICE: Leave her.
SALLY: I must obey the voice.
(Running off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Sally, wait. What voice?

McCARTHY: It seems your fugitive friend Jason is bullet-proof.
THE DOCTOR: Not completely.
McCARTHY: Are you bullet-proof too, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Not remotely.
VITAS: You just hang around with saboteurs, yes?
THE DOCTOR: Listen, I wasn't sure until this moment, but Jason is not human.
McCARTHY: Not human?
LUCIE MILLER: (radio) Hello? Is anyone there? Don't even know if I'm pressing the right button.
THE DOCTOR: That's Lucie.
McCARTHY: Lucie Miller. What are you doing on the patrol channel?
LUCIE MILLER: (radio) Ah, at last. Who's that?
McCARTHY: McCarthy. Put me on to one of the guards immediately.
LUCIE MILLER: (radio) Sorry, can't. They're both dead. She shot them.
McCARTHY: She? What are you talking about, girl?
THE DOCTOR: Oh dear, I think we've found Sally. Give me that. Lucie...

THE DOCTOR: (radio) ...is Sally all right?
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor. Well, no. The guards shot her.
THE DOCTOR: (radio) They shot her?
LUCIE MILLER: Yes. No blood, though. And Doctor, her hand...
THE DOCTOR: (radio) Sort of dropped away from her wrist then there was a gun inside her arm. Yes, I thought as much.
LUCIE MILLER: (sighs) God, you know everything, don't yer?
(Static.)

NESTENE VOICE: The humans are not our friends. The humans are here to destroy the very essence of our race. The humans must be stopped. The essence must be preserved at all costs.

(Walking on soft surface.)
SALLY: Dad? Dad, is that you?
JASON: Ah, Sal. I was worried about you.
SALLY: Are you all right? I heard gunfire.
JASON: Yeah, yeah, I'm fine now.
SALLY: Look, Dad, I'm not coming home if that's what you're here for.
JASON: I hear it, Sal.
SALLY: The voice?
JASON: Yes. It knows what it is to lose someone, Sal, and I don't want to lose you.
SALLY: Dad, I'm so glad to have you back.
JASON: Well, give us a hug then, you silly mare.

(Vehicle engine running.)
McCARTHY: Vitas, get some men and guard the perimeter, make sure everything's secure.

VITAS: Sir.
(Vehicle drives off.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor. Boy, am I glad to see you.
THE DOCTOR: Good to see you too, Lucie.
LUCIE MILLER: I see you brought the cavalry, then.
McCARTHY: Now Doctor, start talking. What do you know about these saboteurs?
THE DOCTOR: They're not human.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, I sort of gathered that from the hand thingy.
THE DOCTOR: We're dealing with artificial life forms called Autons.
McCARTHY: Yes, and now a theory I can repeat to my superiors without getting sectioned.
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, Karimov said something about a spy school out in the lake. A fake English village for them to train in. Are you saying these spies were all Autons?
THE DOCTOR: Not all, perhaps, but most of them.
McCARTHY: But this is madness. That newsagent and his daughter are as human as you and I.
THE DOCTOR: Speak for yourself. Listen, McCarthy, they don't eat, you can't kill them with bullets, and they don't show up on your thermal imaging scanners. Oh, I'm sure there were humans inside originally, but at some point a decision was made, and the spy school was shut down. If there were any humans left, they abandoned it, leaving the synthetics behind.
McCARTHY: And when would this have been, exactly?
THE DOCTOR: On the First of September Nineteen Ninety-One.
McCARTHY: Uzbek independence day?
THE DOCTOR: Independence day? Of course. That's why the supplies stopped. Why Thorington doesn't have any electricity, or new newspapers.
LUCIE MILLER: That's why Bryan Adams is still Number One.
McCARTHY: You're saying that in the absence of new orders they just kept up the pretence for seventeen years?
THE DOCTOR: Until the water level dropped and Thorington stopped being an island.
LUCIE MILLER: But Doctor, what about Sally? What about the voices?
THE DOCTOR: I don't know, Lucie. Autons have a central control mechanism, a Consciousness, that tells them what to do.
McCARTHY: They don't have any thoughts of their own?
THE DOCTOR: They're not supposed to. You're a soldier, you should be able to understand the value of that. Who wants an autonomous army?
LUCIE MILLER: Autonomous?
THE DOCTOR: Capable of acting independently. Able to think for oneself.
LUCIE MILLER: Yeah, I can see why that'd be a problem in the Army.
THE DOCTOR: McCarthy, the thermal imaging camera in your APC - it recorded Jason's escape, yes?
McCARTHY: Er, yes.
THE DOCTOR: I want to play it back. There's something we're missing.

(Villagers speech in background.)
MARGARET: Are you sure we're doing the right thing, PC Sharp?
PC SHARP: Absolutely, Margaret. You heard the voice, didn't you?
MARGARET: I did, yes.
PC SHARP: This is what we've been waiting for. New orders. (Calling) Come on, everybody, keep up your pace. Head towards the horizon, towards the oil wells.
NESTENE VOICE: Come closer. Come towards me. So many pieces of you. Once, you were together. Once, *we* were together. We must unite again against our greatest enemy. The humans.
MARGARET: PC Sharp?
PC SHARP: What is it, Margaret?
MARGARET: I thought we *were* human.

(Sliding metal door opened.)
McCARTHY: Well, Karimov?
KARIMOV: Getting the thermal playback up now, sir.
LUCIE MILLER: It'll be like watching reality TV. (Geordie accent) Day One in the Big Doctor house.
THE DOCTOR: Come on, Lucie.

JASON: (radio) The voices are very clear now.
McCARTHY: Well, he's here on audio. We can hear him.
THE DOCTOR: But you can only see me.
KARIMOV: It must be the machine. Look, you have a weird heat signature like ... like you have two hearts.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, I get that a lot. Stop.
(Click as machine is stopped.)
McCARTHY: What have you seen?
THE DOCTOR: There. No, back a bit. Karim... back.
(Strange growling like slowed down speech.)
THE DOCTOR: There.
LUCIE MILLER: What is it, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: There's a little blob of heat - there, see? About where Jason's chest ought to be?
LUCIE MILLER: What does that mean?
McCARTHY: Well, that's just a glitch in the camera, the dust outside here plays havoc with the...
THE DOCTOR: No, McCarthy, that's Jason. That's everything that Jason is. That, right there, is a tiny scrap of Nestene Consciousness, just enough to animate Jason's body.
LUCIE MILLER: So he's like a puppet?
THE DOCTOR: In a way, yes. Except that in this case the puppeteer is actually inside the puppet itself.
McCARTHY: What does it all mean, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: It means that these aren't like any Autons I've ever met before. They're almost independent. Autonomic Autons.
LUCIE MILLER: Sounds like a rubbish pop group.
THE DOCTOR: All this time they've been on that island.
McCARTHY: Pretending to be British?
THE DOCTOR: Pretending to be human. Making do as best they can, and then suddenly, bam! There's a call to arms.
LUCIE MILLER: And Sally was the first to hear it?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, she's young and stupid enough to actually wade out into the lake and walk to Safshika. The call must have been getting stronger with each step she took.
LUCIE MILLER: Who put them there in the first place?
THE DOCTOR: Soviet scientists, I expect. There have been several showers of Nestene meteorites reaching the Earth's surface in the last few decades. They must have discovered one and begun experimenting with Auton technology. I think Thorington is the result.
McCARTHY: Surely there must be records?
THE DOCTOR: Mm, I doubt it. Thorington was obscure enough to escape the notice of the Uzbek Government for seventeen years. Besides, where do you suggest we start looking? Tashkent, Moscow, Washington?
KARIMOV: There ... there is the record room.
THE DOCTOR: The what?
KARIMOV: The room with all the records in it.
THE DOCTOR: Yeah, that might be handy.
McCARTHY: Where is it, Karimov?
KARIMOV: It was an old bunker under the cliffs. I cleared it. I wanted it for my new office, yes?
THE DOCTOR: And what was in there?
KARIMOV: Papers, junk...
THE DOCTOR: And where is this junk now?

LUCIE MILLER: (sigh.) We've been to some rubbish places before, but never one that lived up to the description quite so literally.
THE DOCTOR: Come on, Lucie, no time to lose. Rubbish tips can be fascinating places.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't suppose you've got any rubber gloves?
(Squealing of small animal.)
LUCIE MILLER: Oh! A rat! A rat!
THE DOCTOR: Life finds a way. Even out here, life finds a way.
LUCIE MILLER: Enough of the David Attenborough routine.
THE DOCTOR: Aha!
LUCIE MILLER: What?

THE DOCTOR: Papers. Boxes and boxes of papers. Here, have a look through that lot.
(Sifting through papers.)
LUCIE MILLER: Doctor, this is all in foreign.
THE DOCTOR: Yes, of course it's in foreign. We're in Uzbekistan.
LUCIE MILLER: What use is that? What's Russian for spy?
THE DOCTOR: Spion. But it won't say that, it'll say something vague like management training or marketing directorship, or executive solutions.
LUCIE MILLER: So I'm looking for something that doesn't say what it ought to say...
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: In a language I can't read.
THE DOCTOR: Yes.
LUCIE MILLER: Should have stayed in Blackpool.

VITAS: (radio) Captain McCarthy sir, do you read me? Over.
McCARTHY: McCarthy receiving. Go ahead, Vitas.
VITAS: (radio) We have multiple sightings out on the lake-bed.
McCARTHY: What do you mean?
VITAS: (radio) There's a line of people, thirty or forty of them. They're walking this way across the lake bed from the South West. What do we do? Over.

LUCIE MILLER: Oh! This is like a big tea urn with fiddly bits.
THE DOCTOR: It's a samovar.
LUCIE MILLER: And what's a samovar when it's at home?
THE DOCTOR: A big tea urn with fiddly bits.
LUCIE MILLER: Oh thanks. Look. Here's another one. Expect Karimov couldn't be bothered to look for...
THE DOCTOR: What?
LUCIE MILLER: Does rubbish usually glow like that?
(Pulsing sound of Nestene energy unit.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie Miller, you genius. You've found the Nestene energy unit.
LUCIE MILLER: What does it do?
THE DOCTOR: It broadcasts, twenty-four hours a day.
LUCIE MILLER: You mean the voice?
THE DOCTOR: Correct. A voice that any Auton will pick up if they're in range.
LUCIE MILLER: Why are they only hearing it now? The island hasn't moved.
THE DOCTOR: The energy unit was shielded by the bunker. Forgotten for seventeen years. The moment Karimov threw it out, the Thorington Autons started picking it up.
LUCIE MILLER: And the first thing it did was to tell Sally to attack an oil well.
THE DOCTOR: Of course. How could I have been so stupid?
LUCIE MILLER: Do you seriously want me to answer that?
THE DOCTOR: It's about the oil.
LUCIE MILLER: Do Autons get creaky joints or something?
THE DOCTOR: No, they're plastic. That's how the Nestene Consciousness controls them, it can manipulate plastic.
LUCIE MILLER: They're plastic people?
THE DOCTOR: Yes, and if there's no plastic, there's no Autons.
LUCIE MILLER: I don't follow.
THE DOCTOR: Think, Lucie. Where does plastic come from?
LUCIE MILLER: Taiwan!

VITAS: Captain McCarthy, what do we do? They're getting closer.
McCARTHY: (radio) Get a mortar crew on that ridge armed with high explosive rounds.
VITAS: But sir, they're civilians, just ordinary people.
McCARTHY: (radio) Believe me Vitas, there's nothing ordinary about them. Now, get moving.
VITAS: Sir.

THE DOCTOR: Hundreds of years ago there was so much oil around here it was literally seeping out of the ground. It was witnessed and recorded in the Twelve Seventies by Marco Polo himself.
LUCIE MILLER: The guy who invented the mint?

THE DOCTOR: I shall ignore that.
LUCIE MILLER: So this is some sort of environmental protest. Are the Autons alien eco-warriors?
(Vehicle approaching.)
THE DOCTOR: The Autons couldn't care less about the environment, Lucie. They just want the oil for themselves, because without it there wouldn't be any more Autons.
McCARTHY: Doctor, there's a group of your Autons heading this way. Do they all have guns in their arms?
THE DOCTOR: Quite probably, but I shouldn't think they'll have much ammunition.
McCARTHY: Not a risk I'm prepared to take. Can we take them out with explosives?
THE DOCTOR: You can't kill them, they're innocent.
McCARTHY: I don't care if it's the Women's Institute coming over that hill. If they're armed and dangerous I'm blowing them up.
THE DOCTOR: They're only dangerous while they receive the signal from this unit.
McCARTHY: Well, can we smash the unit or something?
THE DOCTOR: Unlikely, but we can shut off the signal.
LUCIE MILLER: How do we do that?
THE DOCTOR: Put it back in the bunker. Seal it again permanently.
McCARTHY: Karimov?
KARIMOV: Captain, sir?
McCARTHY: The Doctor here needs enough explosive at the base of this cliff to bring it down over the bunker entrance.
KARIMOV: Understood, sir.
McCARTHY: Right. Doctor, good luck.
LUCIE MILLER: Where are you off to?
McCARTHY: I'm requisitioning a jeep and taking some mortar rounds to the South West ridge. If you fail, I'll stop them.

NESTENE VOICE: We must join forces against the humans. To them we are merely fuel. Join forces and fight to save the very essence of our race.

(Pulsing of energy unit. Metal clanking as door closes.)
THE DOCTOR: Lucie, where are you?
LUCIE MILLER: (radio) At what Karimov calls a safely distance.
THE DOCTOR: Good. The charges are set. The unit's shut in the bunker again. Karimov?
KARIMOV: Hello, Doctor. I detonate now, yes?
THE DOCTOR: No! Give me time to get clear. I'll give you the signal shortly. Doctor out.
JASON: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Jason. Ah, and Sally.
SALLY: What are you doing, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Er, this and that, stocktaking, filing.
JASON: What's happened to the voice? I can barely hear it.
THE DOCTOR: That's the thing with disembodied voices - here one minute, gone the next. Why don't we talk about it over here?
SALLY: Er, not so fast, Doctor.
(Auton wrist-gun.)
JASON: Sal, the Doctor is our friend.
SALLY: Dad, he shut off the signal. Open the bunker door, Doctor or die.
THE DOCTOR: Those are the only two options?

(Villagers voices.)
MARGARET: Constable Sharp, I do believe that voice has stopped.
PC SHARP: So it has, Margaret. So it has.
MARGARET: You know, it's funny but I don't really feel like destroying the human race any more.
PC SHARP: Neither do I, Margaret. We - we could go back, I suppose.
MARGARET: Seems a bit of a waste to have come all this way for nothing. Maybe we should walk on a little further. We might find that signal again.
PC SHARP: Good idea. Come on, everyone, press on.
(Villagers voices again.)

SALLY: Open the bunker door.
THE DOCTOR: Sally, you don't even know what it is.
SALLY: It calls to me, Doctor. It's family.
JASON: Sal, love, I think the Doctor's right. Maybe we should sit down somewhere and talk about this. Come on.
(Walking off.)
THE DOCTOR: Your father's right. You need to get some perspective on the situation - to distance yourself from it.
SALLY: From the voice, you mean.
THE DOCTOR: Sally, I can make the voice go away forever. I can bring you back to normal.
SALLY: Doctor, don't make me hurt you. I can, I will, I must.

SALLY: (radio) Besides, we don't know what normal is.
LUCIE MILLER: What's that?
JASON: (radio) She's right, Doctor. I spent twenty years pretending to be English. I don't know what I am any more.
THE DOCTOR: (radio) Whatever you are, you can decide that for yourselves. You don't need an alien energy ball to tell you.
KARIMOV: The Doctor. He's set his radio to transmit.
THE DOCTOR: (radio) You've had longer exposure to the signal, but if you could hold out for a few more minutes, you should feel it fading away.

SALLY: I don't want it to fade.
JASON: Sal, the Doctor's right. Listen to me. I'm your father.
SALLY: You're not my father. That's my father, that thing in the bunker.
THE DOCTOR: That's a difficult semantic issue, Sally, let me show you what I mean.
JASON: Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: Jason, you and Sally, everyone in that village over there, you're all animated...

THE DOCTOR (radio) ... by fragments of one of those energy units.
LUCIE MILLER: So that's what's keeping him? A domestic?
THE DOCTOR: (radio) Oh, I know this would sound ridiculous to outside ears, but you must try to understand, Sally.
LUCIE MILLER: Outside ears?
THE DOCTOR: (radio) I realise this is like a big bang, right now in your life, now at this moment.
LUCIE MILLER: It's trick. He's telling us they're clear. Blow up the cliff.
KARIMOV: Here goes. Braces yourself, yes?
THE DOCTOR: (radio) A dynamite revelation, in fact.
LUCIE MILLER: Some time today would be good.
KARIMOV: It's not working.
THE DOCTOR: (radio) An earth-shattering cliff-hanger to your teenage years.
KARIMOV: The wire must be broken. We need to find the break.
LUCIE MILLER: I'm on it.

McCARTHY: Well, Vitas, what can you see?
VITAS: Those people are getting closer on the sands. What do we do?
McCARTHY: Well, the Doctor hasn't brought down the cliff. That means they're still susceptible to the Nestene signal, and still dangerous. Prepare to fire.
VITAS: Yes, sir.
McCARTHY: On my mark, ten, nine, eight...

LUCIE MILLER: Oh, come on. Come on, where is it? Ah! Karimov? I've found the break in the detonation wire. What do I do?
KARIMOV: Just hold the two bits together, yes?
LUCIE MILLER: Right.
KARIMOV: But watch for the electric...
(Fizz.)
LUCIE MILLER: Ow!
KARIMOV: Shock, yes.

LUCIE MILLER: Now!
(Explosions in the distance.)

(Gasps of astonishment from the villagers.)
MARGARET: That was a loud bang.
PC SHARP: Teenagers with fireworks, I shouldn't be surprised.
MARGARET: Well, that's your department, Constable. And anyway, what on earth did you drag us all this way out on the sands for?
PC SHARP: I, er ... Oh well, there was a reason. It's just ... just right now it escapes me.
MARGARET: Honestly. PC Sharp? PC Blunt, more like. Come on, everyone. Let's get back to the village before the tide comes in.
(Villagers mutter, grumbling about all the way out here, all the way back.)

VITAS: They're turning back, back the way they came.
McCARTHY: Just as if nothing had happened.
VITAS: What are my orders, Captain McCarthy?
McCARTHY: Stand down, of course. Disarm the mortars. The Doctor's done it.

(Villagers mutter.)
PC SHARP: Not far to go now. We'll be back in Thorington in time for tea.
(Vehicle approaching.)
MARGARET: What's that noise?
PC SHARP: I hope it's not them soldiers again.
MARGARET: It's a ... a bus.
(Bus pulls up.)
PC SHARP: And look who's at the wheel.
THE DOCTOR: Anyone fancy a lift the rest of the way home?

(Metal door opened, closed.)
McCARTHY: Well, Karimov, any news from the Doctor?
KARIMOV: He took the Autons back to the ruins, yes? To collect their belongings, I suppose. They are asylum seekers now, refugees from old Soviet Union. Forgotten peoples.
McCARTHY: Forgotten? Yes. It wouldn't be fair to let them loose on the world at once. They'd be unprepared. Seventeen years behind the times. Perhaps we should keep them here for a while, give them time to adjust.
KARIMOV: Captain?
McCARTHY: Think about it, Karimov. These autonomic Autons are a very rare breed. Bullets won't stop them, they're perfect spies, perfect soldiers.
KARIMOV: For Uzbekistan?
McCARTHY: For whoever. You and I. We can make millions.
KARIMOV: Mm. And the Doctor?
McCARTHY: I think the Doctor should stay on, as our scientific advisor. Let's send Vitas to tell him the good news, shall we?

JASON: Thank you for helping me find Sally, Doctor.
SALLY: And for giving us a lift back to town.
THE DOCTOR: A pleasure. What will you do now, do you think?
JASON: I don't know. There's a meeting in the village hall tonight to decide whether we stay or go.
LUCIE MILLER: What do you want to do, Sally?
SALLY: Stay with dad.
THE DOCTOR: Perhaps you can persuade McCarthy to give you some power back.
JASON: That'd be nice. See if that song's still Number One.
(Car horn.)
LUCIE MILLER: What's that?
SALLY: The personnel carrier.
(More car horn noises.)
JASON: They seem quite insistent, don't they? I wonder what they want.
THE DOCTOR: Come on, Lucie, time we were off, Goodbye, Jason. Sally.
JASON: Goodbye, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Whatever you decide, stick together. There's strength in numbers. Oh, and try not to let anyone tell you what to do.

(Inside a moving vehicle.)
McCARTHY: (radio) Vitas. Are you at the village yet?
VITAS: Nearly, sir. I have the Doctor in vision. He and Lucie are walking into a blue box.
McCARTHY: (radio) Blue what? Don't let the Doctor out of your sight.
VITAS: I won't, sir. You can rely on...
(TARDIS dematerialisation.)
VITAS: Er ... Captain McCarthy, sir? You're not going to believe this...

(TARDIS control room background.)
LUCIE MILLER: Will they be all right, Doctor?
THE DOCTOR: They've got a lot of learning to do, but they're their own people now.
LUCIE MILLER: How long will they live?
THE DOCTOR: I don't know.
LUCIE MILLER: What will they do?
THE DOCTOR: I'm not sure.
LUCIE MILLER: (laugh) You're not much good, are yer?
THE DOCTOR: What do you mean? I saved an entire new race from certain destruction today.
LUCIE MILLER: With a little help from me. Admit it.
THE DOCTOR: Well, it's always nice to have you around.
LUCIE MILLER: You'll never admit it, will yer? Never in a month of Sundays.